

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXI. No. 2222

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
January 26, 1944



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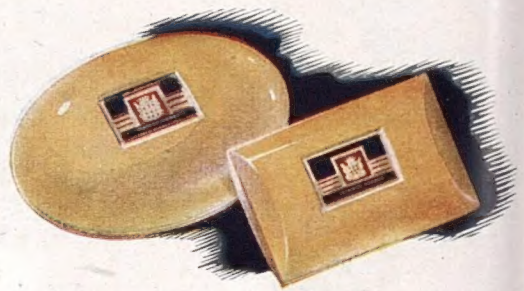
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# THE TATLER

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LONDON

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*Compton Collier*

### The Hon. Mrs. Hamilton-Russell and Her Sons

The wife of Colonel the Hon. Richard Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, 17th/21st Lancers, was the Hon. Pamela Cayzer before her marriage in 1939. Her father, Lord Rotherwick, of Tylney Hall, Hants, was formerly Sir Herbert Cayzer, Bt., and sat as M.P. for Portsmouth from 1918 to 1922, and again from 1923 to 1939, when he was created a baron. Col. Hamilton-Russell is a son of the late Viscount Boyne, and is heir-presumptive to his nephew, the present holder of the title. He and his wife have two small sons, seen in this picture with their mother





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Dramatic

**M**R. CHURCHILL walked into the House of Commons as if, like all the other Members, he were merely resuming his seat after the Christmas recess. His appearance was so sudden and unexpected that it acquired a dramatic touch all its own. Of course Mr. Churchill had planned that it should be so. He was paying a tribute to the House of Commons, that of a servant to his master. Anyhow, this is how Mr. Churchill might explain it himself. But as the cheering rose and fell there was that puckish smile on his face which seemed to say that when all is said and done it was the servant who had really called the tune and not the master. He enjoyed every moment of that first hour, answering questions in a voice which had not changed and in the same manner which has won for him his masterly parliamentary position. To a Conservative Member who suggested that Mr. Churchill should delegate some of his responsibilities, there came the instant reply that it was not the Prime Minister's intention to change his routine in any way at present.

## Surprise

**N**OBODY knew that the Prime Minister was coming back as soon as he did. Most of his colleagues would have liked him to have remained abroad some time longer. But he was insistent that his place was in London and that his recovery had been complete. Certainly he showed few signs of ill health. It would be wrong to say that it was not possible to notice any change. Mr. Churchill looked thinner, and his movements were somewhat slower. His manner, however, demonstrated beyond any doubt that his dynamic will is undiminished. All the same, it seems that Mr. Churchill's departure from Marrakesh (and his sudden

arrival in London) was one of those quick decisions he is liable to take. There must have been little time between his arrival in this country and his appearance in the House of Commons. For Mr. Churchill, who is particular about such things, badly needed a hair-cut.

## Picturesque

**M**ARRAKESH, in French Morocco, won Mr. Churchill's affection a long time ago. He likes the climate, and the picturesque scenery appeals to the artist in him. He last stayed there, for any length of time, before the war, when Mr. Lloyd George was also a visitor. On this occasion Mr. Churchill had the use of a sumptuous villa belonging to a wealthy American, and a more than adequate guard provided by Americans. In the villa the Prime Minister was able to continue his day-to-day work with almost the same facilities as he enjoys in Downing Street. Most of his secretariat was with him, a shuttle service of aeroplanes carried urgent papers and visitors. All the war reports reached him by quicker means every day and he was able to communicate with members of the Cabinet sitting in London. In addition he had the benefit of Lord Beaverbrook's company. Lord Beaverbrook has had a touch of asthma and Mr. Churchill invited him to Marrakesh just after Christmas. One of Lord Beaverbrook's Christmas guests in his country home was Mr. Brendan Bracken, the Minister of Information, who, having successfully recovered from a leg operation, suddenly caught influenza.

## Review

**W**E are to have an early review of the war from the Prime Minister, according to a promise Mr. Churchill made in the House of Commons

soon after his return. This will be more than usually interesting for we have not yet had a personal account of his meetings with Marshal Stalin and President Roosevelt. But we have seen some of the immediate results, such as the creation of the continental invasion force in this country under the leadership of General Dwight Eisenhower. In addition, there have been one or two incidents to ruffle the serenity of the political scene, which we had hoped, as a result of Teheran, had been cleared of any chance of misunderstanding. Two such incidents which now occupy public attention are Soviet Russia's negative reply to the Polish offer to open discussions for a settlement of outstanding questions between them, and the inexplicable peace rumour published by *Pravda*.

## Tactics

**U**NDoubtedly the Polish problem will have priority in the Prime Minister's immediate preoccupations. After Teheran, Mr. Churchill fully intended to take up the question of the Polish Government's relations with Russia, but



## The Duke with the Gordons

The Duke of Gloucester was present at a march past of massed drums and pipes by a battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, of which regiment he is Colonel-in-Chief. With him above is the battalion commander



## Christmas Day Lunch Party for the Prime Minister

Dressed in a colourful dressing-gown, Mr. Churchill celebrated his return to health, on Christmas Day, by an informal lunch party. He is seen in front with General Eisenhower and General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, and others of his guests, including Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Admiral Sir John Cunningham, Gen. Sir Harold Alexander, Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. Gale and Gen. Smith

his illness intervened. Then came a diplomatic blitz in the form of published statements, first by Soviet Russia and then by the Polish Government. All the diplomats in London are naturally agreed that such methods are not the best, if you wish to achieve an understanding. These methods have not succeeded in this instance, but I do not despair. I believe that sooner or later the Soviet Government will reach an understanding with M. Mikolajczyk, the Polish Prime Minister. The road may be difficult, and the Polish Prime Minister may have to drop some of his more anti-Russian Ministers and officials before this can happen. But there are certain salient facts regarding the position of Russia which must be taken into account.

Marshal Stalin has consistently repeated that he wishes to see a strong and independent Poland. Such a Poland is essential to his future plans. Obviously he does not want a Poland where there is constant trouble, internal as well as external. Nor is it certain that he wants a Poland with a Communist Government dependent all the time on Moscow. This would only be adding to his many and manifold



worked very hard to bring about an understanding between the Polish Government in London and Soviet Russia, and when things did not appear to go right there was a widespread assumption that he had suffered a rebuff. I don't think this is fair, for Mr. Eden is much too experienced in diplomacy to accept defeat at the first reverse. He was the victim of this new kind of diplomacy by wireless broadcasts which, divorced from personal contacts, is bound to lead to misunderstandings and complications.

### Shock

IF the Soviet Government had really wanted to shock and disturb Allied peoples in all parts of the world they certainly succeeded. The publication of peace rumours in the official party newspaper, *Pravda*, electrified the whole world and mystified everybody. The most mystified people were in Whitehall.

Why did *Pravda* publish the story? It appears to have been written in Cairo by a correspondent, and to have been passed by the censors. It is assumed, of course, that the censors saw it. If they didn't, the mystery deepens somewhat, but, paradoxically, becomes clearer. It is the kind of story that a censor would pass. The minds of censors are very difficult to follow. They blue-pencil all manner of things in a way which is incomprehensible, and set themselves up as judges of public opinion and what is good for it. I imagined that such things happened more often in London than in Cairo. Of course, if the censor saw the *Pravda* story he might have argued to himself that to stop its transmission to Moscow might cause more suspicions to be roused. So he let it go, with the result that this silly story has had a perfectly good and healthy airing.

This is all to the good, but it doesn't answer the question. Did *Pravda* publish the story on instructions, and was the purpose to distract the attention of the Allies, say, from the Polish problem, or was it designed to give everybody a jerk? These are all ideas which people have discussed in this country and in the United States. In Moscow, it is true to say that there has been something like the same bewilderment as in London and Washington. My own theory is that the story was published in *Pravda* by one of those curious coincidences based on some aspect of past policy which has no relation to the present and the future. Such a thing can happen in the best controlled state.



### A Gift to the R.A.F.

Mrs. Mary Law, daughter-in-law of the late Mr. Bonar Law, presented an Auster aircraft to the R.A.F., the gift of Mrs. Gordon, sister of the late Captain Bertram Dickson, pioneer of Army co-operation flying



### An American Mustang Pilot

Major James H. Howard, of St. Louis, U.S.A., was photographed in the cockpit of his P.51 Mustang fighter aircraft, in which during the raid on Oerscheleben he dived into a pack of thirty enemy fighters, destroying some, damaging others



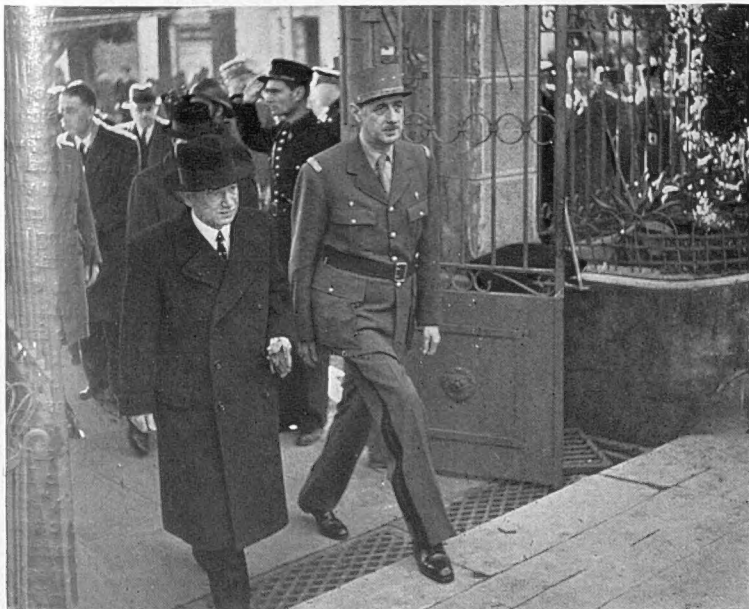
### Investiture at the Admiralty

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham recently decorated officers and men of the Allied Navies. Here he is with Captain D. A. H. Larking, and Rear-Admiral E. Corneliusen, C.-in-C. the Royal Norwegian Navy

problems. I think that he wants what he says: a friendly Polish Government, one that will always be a determined enemy of Germany. If Poland is recompensed for her loss of territory in the east by an addition of German territory in the west, Marshal Stalin no doubt believes that this last necessity will be satisfied. The Poles will be eager to resist the Germans on behalf of the Russians while they possess German territory.

### Necessity

SOME diplomatic observers in London are not convinced that the Russian reply was, in fact, a rejection of the Polish offer to negotiate. They believe that it was a necessary part of Kremlin tactics to compel the Polish Government in London publicly to accept the Curzon Line as the new frontier between Russia and Poland. Now that he is back, Mr. Churchill will be able to handle the problem on the Teheran level and in this way it is safe to assume that we shall know sooner than later what is the Soviet Government's policy. Mr. Anthony Eden had



### New Year Meeting in Algiers

Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovak President, and Gen. de Gaulle together attended a march past of French troops. Dr. Benes arrived on New Year's Day in Algiers, where he went to confer with Fighting French leaders



### Visiting Eighth Army New Zealanders

Field Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, while visiting New Zealand troops serving with the Eighth Army, was introduced to some of the officers by Lieutenant-General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., Commanding the New Zealand Forces in Italy



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Lost Innocence

By James Agate

I HAVE always imagined that the average Hollywood magnate knows everything about Prohibition without having heard of Magna Charta; everything about Palm Beach and nothing about the Gulf Stream; all about film stars while remaining ignorant of the Milky Way. On the other hand, some coincidences are too strong for disbelief. I just cannot believe that whoever put together the new film at the Empire had never heard of Henry Arthur Jones's play *Michael and His Lost Angel*. And where, do you ask, is the coincidence? Simply that the title of the new film is *Lost Angel*, while the name of the hero, if you can call him a hero, is Mike.

Now since the only person who is less educated than the average Hollywood film director is the average British film-goer, let me recall what the old play was about. It dealt with a young girl who sinned in the first act and a clergyman who sinned in the second act, taking the young girl for what the critics of those days pudically called his accomplice. In the third act the pair meet, and the following succinct but slightly bald conversation takes place:

*Audrie.* You're sorry?

*Michael.* No. Are you?

*Audrie.* No.

Now had Henry Arthur been possessed of two pen'orth of sincerity he would have unfrocked the clergyman, marched him out of church with colours flying and giving his arm to his blushing but unrepentant bride, and set them to earn their living as every other lusty couple must. But H. A. was not sincere—I probably mean that he meant to be sincere but had not the brains to be sincere with—and the end of his play showed the clergyman in open church making abject confession of a sin of which he was not ashamed. After which he went out to exile with bowed head, the curtain finally

coming down up on the muddle-headed ass stealing back to the empty church to rescue a flower which his accomplice had dropped! I see only one reason why this play, rancid with sentiment and abject in its wan illogicality, should not make a first-rate film. This is that the modern audience would laugh its head off. And what, pray, has the new film to do with the old play? Nothing whatever.

THE *Lost Angel* is a little girl of six brought up in ultra-hygienic conditions by a number of addle-headed professors stuffing her little noddle with algebra, metaphysics, the mysteries of harp-playing and the Chinese language! She meets a journalist called Mike who incautiously drops a word about flying carpets, dragons and all the things a kid of six may be supposed to be interested in. Whereupon this infant phenomenon, enticed by a magic more fascinating than that of trigonometry, decides to run away. In the course of her adventures she attends a boxing match, and a night club, and ultimately reforms a gangster, who, strange to say, consents to be reformed instead of putting the little brat in the dustbin. In the end we are presented with what Hollywood holds to be a "human" child. Well, I am probably old-fashioned, but I see nothing "human" about an innocent who has been initiated into the secrets of the underworld. Give me the tot who is not quite certain how many two and two make, loves "Snow White" and would be scared to death on finding herself in the middle of Central Park at night. I have only one other criticism to offer about a film which, owing to the very remarkable playing of little Margaret O'Brien, is never boring, and sometimes even a little touching. This is that here was a chance for a modern composer who knew his Humperdinck. But the chance has not been taken, and perhaps was not offered. Instead, we have to listen for an hour and a half

to a dreary flow of pointless, charmless mediocrity.

IN these days when this country and America are so closely allied, someone ought to make an analytical study of the difference between English and American humour, between English and American comedy, comedians, and what is known as slapstick. There could be much to be said on the last of these items, and a good contrast could be drawn between our mildly knockabout methods and the obstreperous noisiness of our friends. All comedy is derived from manners; and our manners happen to be less boisterous, our speech less strident, and our fun more subtle in its inflections than the boyish, violently energetic clowning of our transatlantic friends.

IN *Crazy House* (Leicester Square) our old friends, Olsen and Johnson, are once again as electric, restless, flamboyant and deafening as they were in that epic of moonstruck madness known as *Hellzapoppin*. It is now apparent that they owe more than a little to Walt Disney. When the piano lid is raised and animals come tumbling out, when we see such fantastications as a girl in the street flourishing a string of flags upheld at the other end by a dog, toys which explode the moment they touch a table-surface, quaking fragments of scenery which disappear like magic before our very eyes—in all this we see a *reductio ad absurdum* of that cloud-cuckoo-land of glorious nonsense which one foolishly thought Disney had made his own. Ingenious imagination and invention are at work here; and the yells of laughter which, at the pre-view, proceeded from the august throats of the male critics recognized this. The lady critics? It is the habit of these to laugh in the genteel, trifling way in which Miss Skiffins washed-up a way which compromises nobody.

THE film is a kind of musical, with some real singing from that gifted tenor Allan Jones, some first-class buffoonery from Cass Daley and the cyclonic dancing we expect and get from those two human whirlwinds known as Tony and Sally DeMarco. There is an exiguous plot about the launching of a film by O. and J. under the auspices of one Colonel Merriweather (Percy Kilbride, an admirable high-comedy performance), who hasn't a bean but is building on the successful issue of an imaginary law-suit. Thus we see a film within a film. Of course everything goes wrong. A rival firm manages so that at the pre-view only two out of the seven reels of the picture are shown; a film-coryphée gets the contract intended for the star; lawyers appear with a legal document the length of Broadway demanding immediate payment from the penniless colonel; and every one is at his wits' end. But it all comes right at the finish. I liked the very last shot, where at the end of the film's film a loving couple are discovered in each other's arms, to be immediately shot—literally—by one of the Irrepressibles. "For once," says he, "we're goin' to have a picture without a happy ending!" Yes, I think I can prophesy a great run for this side-splitting nonsense, which is produced with super-lavishness, is only eighty minutes in length, and does not contain a single dull moment.



The "Hellzapoppin" Boys are Around Again

"Crazy House," now at the Leicester Square Theatre, is the latest Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson riot. The film is reviewed on this page. Above left: Olsen and Johnson see the funny side when Thomas Gomez tears the clothes off his associate, Joe Crehan. Right: Olsen and Johnson's little joke doesn't taste too good to Cass Daley



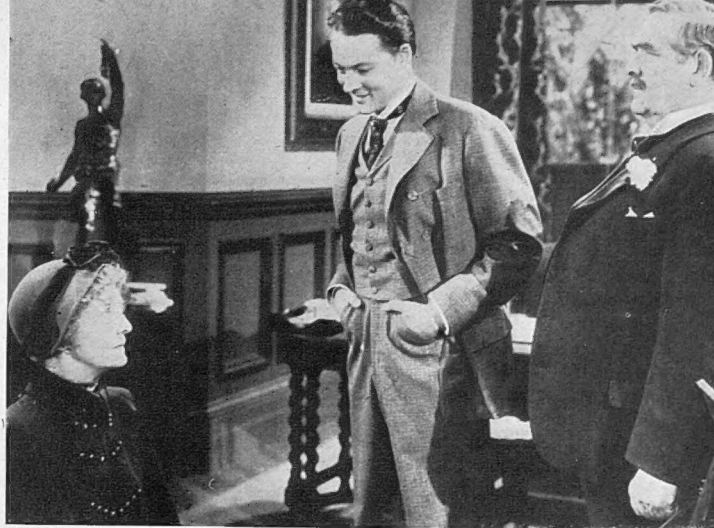
# Cagney as "Johnny Vagabond"

John Van Druten Writes Screen Play  
Of Bromfield's Novel "McLeod's Folly"

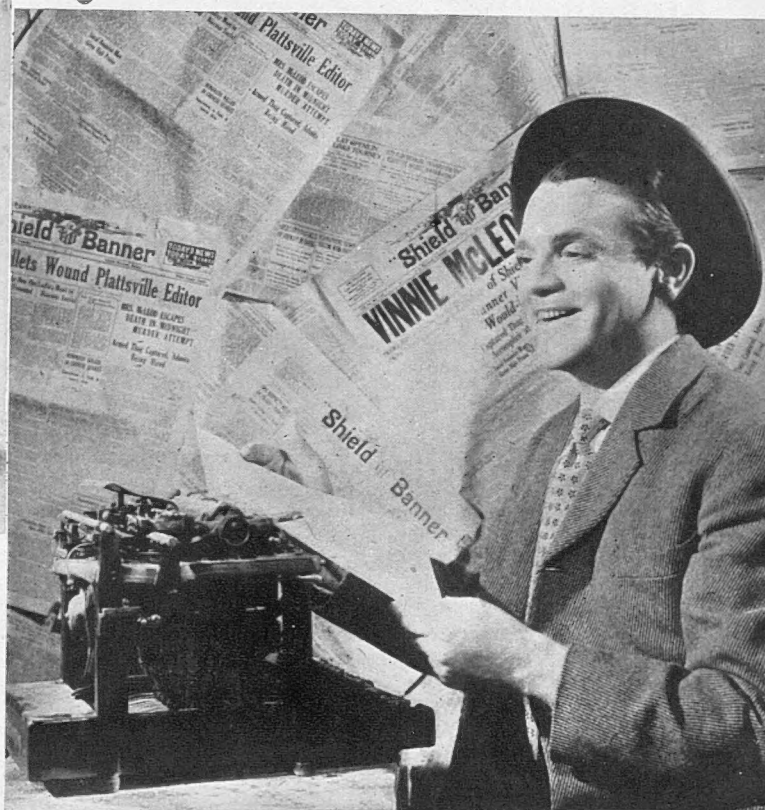


Out-of-work newspaperman Tom Richards (James Cagney) takes to vagrancy and is only saved from a severe sentence by the kindness of an old newspaper proprietor, Mrs. Vinnie McLeod

*Johnny Vagabond* is the screen version of Louis Bromfield's novel, *McLeod's Folly*, which relates the story of a journalist with wanderlust who pauses in his travels just long enough to help an old lady win a hard fight for survival as owner of a little independent paper left her by her husband. As the journalist, Tom Richards, Cagney has a part after his own heart. Tom has a hard struggle against unscrupulous opposition but succeeds not only in winning the support of the townspeople but ensuring the continued survival of "McLeod's Folly" before he sets out once more on his adventurous way



Mrs. McLeod (Grace George) is finding survival a tough proposition against the competition of her rivals, W. M. Dougherty and his son Pete (Ed. McNamara and Bill Henry)



Tom joins Mrs. McLeod's fight against the Doughertys with glee. It is right up his street and he soon has the rival concern on tenterhooks



Tom enlists the sympathy of the townspeople. He gets the support of Gashouse Mary (Marjorie Main)



The rivalry leads to a fight between Tom and Pete Dougherty in which Pete is soundly beaten



Tom is jailed and decides to accept his release only on his own terms



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Don Abel Wrote A Tragedy (Arts)

WHEN a dramatist turns out plays by the hundred, the chances are they won't all be masterpieces. But if he knows his job, and is as popular as the prolific Brothers Quintero, who wrote this Spanish comedy, most of them are likely to have their points. This is a leisurely play, and Helen and Granville Barker's meticulous translation does not appear to have traduced either its length or unpretentious loquacity. It includes scenes and characters that most of our own theatre pundits would consider redundant. And coming, as it does, from a country as rich in proverbial philosophy as Spain, we need not be surprised that its humour tends to be ironic, or that its characters, though speaking English, call for the Spanish touch.

As fellow-countrymen of Cervantes the authors take their time over telling their story, and invest its hero, Don Abel, with some of the foibles of Don Quixote. That is to say they make him a dreamer of treacherous dreams—less altruistic in nature than those of his immortal prototype—which temporarily cut him adrift from workaday reality, and land him in what downright realists term Queer Street.

WHEN we first meet him, Don Abel is a not unsatisfactory civil servant, though dreams of grandeur have already begun to complicate his long devotion to clerical routine. He has, in fact, succumbed to that first infirmity of noble minds, and has written a play. And as he has also contracted the habit of talking to himself in office hours, we gather that the play is not only the apple of his eye but bombastic rather than brilliant.

His pride in its achievement, and his desire to have it staged are obsessions that turn his head and make his clerical subservience an intolerable insult to genius. Hence his resort to

self-flattering soliloquy, and contempt for the communal chit-chat of his fellow clerks. Instead of answering his chief's bell with alacrity he answers it back, and in such terms as only the privacy of the home could warrant or a doting

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Don Abel is sacked from the government office where he has worked for many years. He leaves his former colleagues with a flourish. (Michael Raghan, Olaf Pooley, John Ruddock as Don Abel, John Maxwell, Jonathan Field, Elwyn Brook-Jones and Edward Byrne)

wife condone. He becomes, in short, so unbid-dable that he gets the sack, and he, his play, and his long-suffering family are thrown on to a world that has no use for ambitious but unknown playwrights.

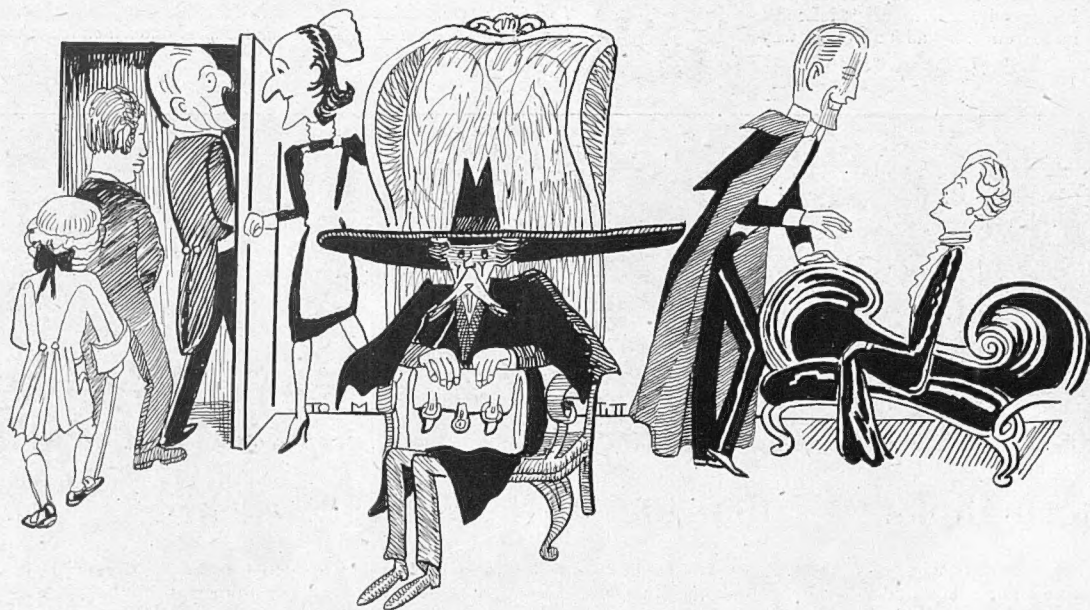
Three years of unfruitful play-peddling ensue. The wolf takes up its position at the door behind which his family comes near to starving,

shall take the town, and the curtain falls with a brisk, agreeably ironic rustle.

THIS cannot have been an easy play to cast or produce in current circumstances. Its leisurely simplicity calls for sparkling attack and resourceful acting. Don Abel himself is a part to tear, perhaps not a full-grown cat, but a fair-sized kitten in. Mr. John Ruddock tears it with skill, humour, and consistent artistry. His storms of contempt for philistine fate are very funny. His frenzied struggle into his overcoat when he gets the sack is excellent comedy, and these comic cadenzas do much to help us over somewhat tedious ground.

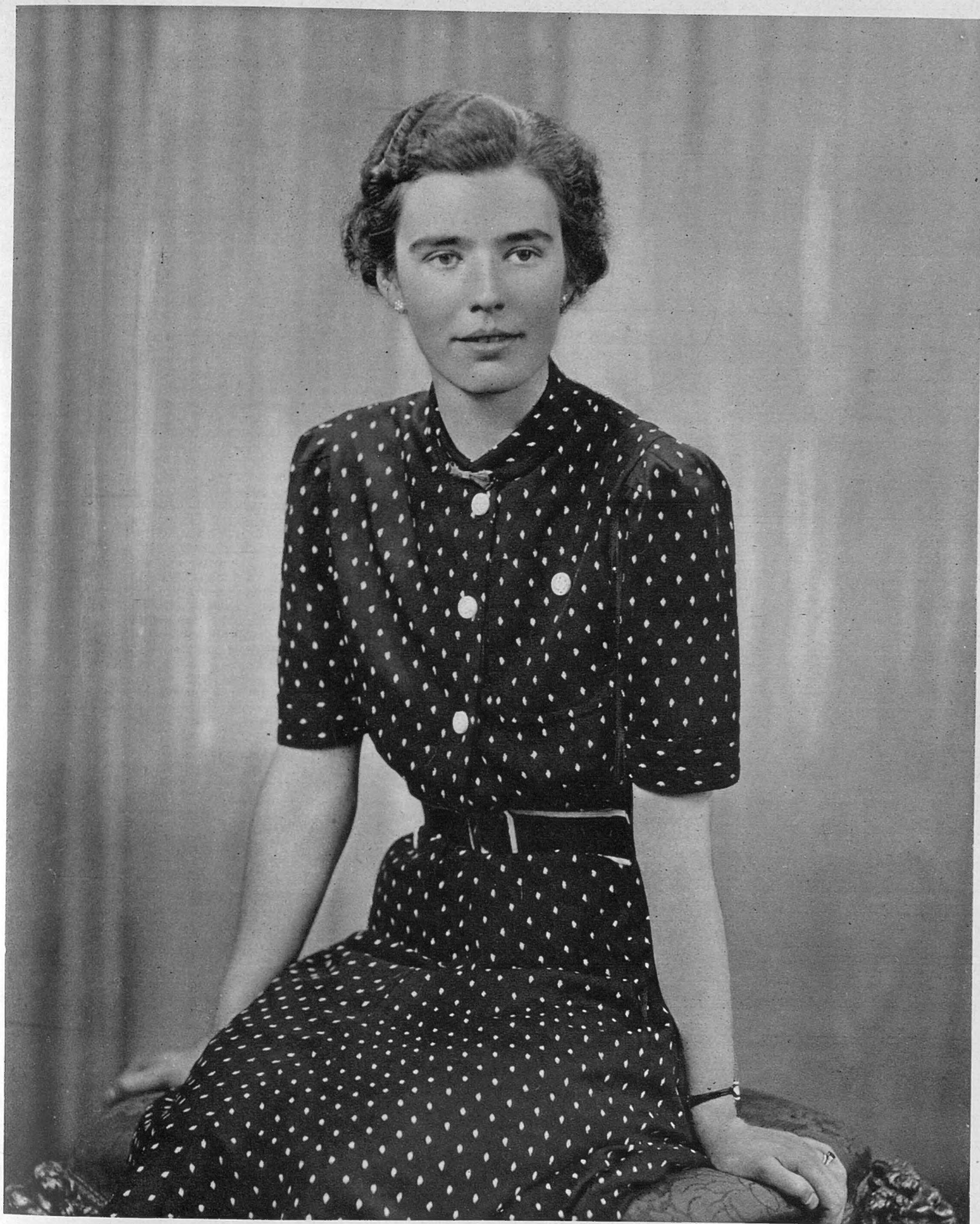
As the warm-hearted old actress, Miss Grace Lane translates a type into a person. She knows her job, and delivers her lines, points her gestures, and controls her byplay with style. The minor parts call for characteristic embellishments that are probably more readily forthcoming in Spain than here.

Thus translated, produced and acted, this play is a smile-persuader rather than a rib or heart stormer. It demonstrates the technical knack of its prolific authors without making undue calls on their genius. Don Abel doubtless wrote his tragedy with an eye in fine frenzy rolling. Serafin and Joaquín Álvarez Quintero, in writing this comedy, probably limited expression of their emotional satisfaction to a steady light in the eye and an occasional sly twitch of the lip.



Don Abel spends many years patiently waiting for someone of influence to read his play. When finally the play is produced, it is hissed off the stage and Don Abel goes back to government service. (Michael Raghan, Stephen Ewart, Olaf Pooley, Diana Morrison, John Ruddock, Tony Quinn, Grace Lane)





## Britain's Third Woman Diplomat : the Hon. Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie

Speaight

The Hon. Mrs. Francis Stewart-Mackenzie, the first woman to go to our Embassy in Moscow, joins the ranks of British women diplomats, who now number three. She has been studying Russian for some time, and is now quite proficient in the language. She is the widow of Major the Hon. Francis Stewart-Mackenzie, R.A.; half-brother of the Earl of Middleton, who was killed in action last year, and is the daughter of the late Major the Hon. Charles Lyell and Mrs. Lyell. Her only brother, Capt. Lord Lyell, V.C., Scots Guards, killed in Tunisia last April, was awarded the V.C. posthumously for great gallantry during the attack on Djebel Bou Arada. After leaving Queen's College, Harley Street, Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie graduated as a Bachelor of Science (Economics) at London University, subsequently working as a research graduate, and published a collection of fifteenth-century letters called *Medieval Postbag*. She has travelled extensively, and speaks French, German and Italian, besides Russian.



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Duchess and the Doughboys

HERE are three doughboys from the Middle West in London now who wouldn't change places with anyone. They will have quite a story to tell when they get back home. For a few days ago a very lovely lady came up to them as they sat in the downstairs café at Rainbow Corner (American Red Cross home for the U.S. forces) and asked if she might join them. They all had a Coco-Cola. Perhaps you can guess who that lady was? None other than H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. She was paying her first visit to the Club and found a wonderful welcome awaiting her. The boys crowded round, all anxious to shake her by the hand. Many of them were fortunate, but, as the Duchess told them, she couldn't possibly shake each one by the hand, much as she would like to, as she would be there all night doing it. The visit, looked forward to with some apprehension by officials, who feared the boisterous friendliness of the boys, was a great success, and the Duchess herself enjoyed the experience so much that she said she would like to come again.

### Voluntary Helpers

ONE disappointment for the Duchess was that she was not able to meet Lady Leese, wife of General Sir Oliver Leese, who has just taken over command of the Eighth Army in succession to General Montgomery. Lady Leese, who works in the Information Section of Rainbow Corner, was off duty when the Duchess arrived. Her Royal Highness was taken round by Mrs. Harvey Gibson, who directs the Club and whose husband is head of the American Red Cross organisation in this country.

### Another Active Service Equerry

THIS month, W/Cdr. Pelly-Fry, D.S.O., first active service Equerry to be appointed to the King's entourage direct from the "battlefield," concludes his three-months' spell of duty and returns to more usual R.A.F. activities. He has made many friends at Court during his stay, and both the King and Queen and many members of their Household will be sorry to

see him go. His Majesty's admirable idea of introducing young officers who have done distinguished service into his Household as mark of honour is, however, to continue, and understand that the choice for W/Cdr. Pelly-Fry's immediate successor has fallen on a very gallant officer of the Royal Navy, who will take over his new post next month.

### Maiden Speech

MRS. ROBERT LAYCOCK arrived at the Overseas League Lunch some time before her husband, who was the guest of honour, and the very attractive wife of the head of Combined Operations was besieged by people anxious to make her acquaintance. Mrs. Laycock looked charming in her simple tweed coat and skirt on her hair a big, dark-red beret with her initials embroidered in white on one side. She was looking forward to hearing her husband as much as anyone there, for it was his maiden public speech. General Laycock proved to be an excellent speaker. Clearly and forcibly, he spoke of the heroism of Dominion soldiers who have fought beside him in the various theatres of war, at the same time saying that he thought any one of them would prefer to face fire rather than listen to one of his lectures. The Laycocks have a flat in Sloane Avenue, as his work keeps him so much in London since he took over from Lord Louis Mountbatten, and Mrs. Laycock is running the very successful and popular canteen at his headquarters. Their two elder children, Tilly and Joe, are with Mrs. Laycock's father, Mr. Dudley Ward, in Calgary, but Mrs. Laycock now wishes they were home from Canada. The youngest, Emma, is at their home at Bracknell where she shares a Nannie with her cousin, Mrs. Anthony Pelissier's little girl.

### Helping the Y.W.C.A.

LADY PAMELA BERRY undertook the duties of a chairman for the first time when she presided over a committee meeting arranged to plan the first showing of a film called *Phantom of the Opera*, which will take place at the Odeon Cinema in Leicester Square on February 3rd. Lady Pamela confessed to some friends that she

### Christening at Oxford

The baby son and sixth child of the Hon. Frank and Mrs. Pakenham was recently christened. Mr. Pakenham, a don and lecturer on politics at Christ Church, is prospective Socialist candidate for Oxford

Johnson, Oxford

### Hertfordshire Christening

Michael Richard, second son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. H. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, was christened at St. Mary's, Aston. He is a grandson of Sir FitzRoy Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, Bt.



Bertram Park

Miss Pamela Blake, only daughter of Sir Edward Blake, Bt., and Lady Blake, of Tillmouth Park, Cornhill-on-Tweed, is to marry Lt. Richard Hosking, R.N.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Hosking, of Yealmpton, South Devon



Bassano

### To Be Married: Three Engagements Recently Announced

Miss Madeleine Mary Maxwell Stuart, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Maxwell Stuart, of Traquair, Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, is engaged to Major Richard Chrichton, M.C., Coldstream Guards, son of Col. the Hon. Sir George Chrichton and Lady Mary Chrichton



Hay Wrightson

Miss Nancy Veronica Gilbey, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. N. Gilbey, of Gibsons, Hatfield Heath, is engaged to Cdr. St. John Tyrwhitt, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, Bt., and Lady Tyrwhitt



was so nervous that it would be not only her first appearance as chairman of a committee, but also probably her last. However, she carried out her duties most efficiently and in a pleasantly informal manner. The Duchess of Westminster, the deputy chairman, was at the committee table, and others at the meeting included the Mayoress of Westminster, Mrs. Jesse Barrington, Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger and Mrs. Murrough O'Brien. The showing of the film is to raise funds for the Y.W.C.A.

### Drainpipe Ritual

THE six-months-old son and heir of the Laird of Errol, Capt. Richard Heriot-Maitland, has started his official duties early in life. Some time ago two of the 150-year-old beech-trees in Errol Park were blown down in a storm, and it was decided that these should be replaced by trees planted by young Lewis Dalglish Heriot-Maitland. At the foot of one of the trees a drainpipe has been buried, in which are three threepenny-pieces of the current year, a newspaper, and a document stating that the trees had been planted by Lewis, and signed by his father and all the foresters and sealed.

The birth of young Lewis was a great event in that part of Perthshire, for he is probably the first heir to be born at Errol Park and certainly the first since the house was rebuilt seventy years ago. The tower bell was rung and the flag hoisted to announce the news to the village. Capt. Richard Heriot-Maitland is the only son of Brig.-Gen. Heriot-Maitland, of White House, Aros, Isle of Mull, and is in the Black Watch. The baby's mother works at the Prisoners of War depot in Perth several days a week, besides looking after the estate and more than ten farms for her husband.

### Around Town

WHAT with all our Allied guests and the difficulties of entertaining at home these days, London restaurants are packed, and it is the early bird that catches the joint. In the lounge of one Mayfair hotel I saw pretty Mrs. John Mason, hatless and wearing a mink coat, greeting her many friends, who were delighted to see her up from Wiltshire, where she is living now. Before her marriage she was Diana Coventry, a popular member of a popular family. Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale (Barbara Cartland, the novelist), also in mink and looking very gay in an emerald-green hat, was one of the first to sit down and chat to Mrs. Mason. She works hard in Bedfordshire for the A.T.S., where she is their Welfare Officer over a big area. Lady Bridport, wearing a strawberry-red suit and hat, stopped to have a chat with them on



Fourth Anniversary Party of the All-Services Canteen Club

Mrs. Littlejohn Cook (centre), founder of the club, and Mrs. Anthony Eden (right), president, were hostesses at the party, and with them are the Soviet Ambassador and his wife and G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig

Swaebe

Nicholas Eden, second son of the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Eden, watched the guests arriving at the party

her way into the restaurant. She has now happily recovered from the all-too-prevalent influenza, which she had rather badly.

### More Personalities

TWO good-looking sisters lunching together were Lady Throckmorton and Mrs. Charlie Clarke, both beautifully turned-out as usual. The Marchioness of Tavistock was with a party of women friends; Princess Aspasia of Greece and her mother, Princess Alexandra, were together; Mrs. Robin Wilson wore a quaint black felt skull-cap trimmed with felt petals all over. Others about London were "conductor" Sidney Beer; Miss Violet de Worms, very gay in a scarlet suit, leaving the Guards' Club, where she had been lunching; Mrs. Robert Heber-Percy, up from Wiltshire; Mrs. Robert Dorrien-Smith, up from Yorkshire; and Mrs. Samuelson, who used to go so well with the Whaddon Chase Hounds, and is now living in London, working with the Red Cross and St. John Organisation. Both her sons are serving, one in the Irish Guards and the other in the Navy. Another hunting personality in London this week was Major "Tiddly" Lucas and his wife. For many years, when Lord Hillingdon was Master of the Grafton Hounds, Major Lucas managed the hunt horses for him, and never

(Concluded on page 120)



Luncheon Guests at the Overseas League

At this table Mrs. Britain Jones, Lord Stavordale, the Marchioness of Willingdon and Sir Jocelyn Lucas, chairman of the Overseas League Welcome Committee, were lunching together



A Committee Meeting: Organising a Film Premiere in Aid of the Y.W.C.A.

Lady Pamela Berry presided at the meeting held in connection with the premiere of the film "Phantom of the Opera," to be held at the Odeon Theatre in aid of Mrs. Churchill's Y.W.C.A. War-time Fund. Above: the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Pamela Berry (chairman), Mr. W. Thornton (manager of the Odeon) and Miss Curwen



Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger was another member of the committee which discussed the arrangements for the premiere to be held on February 3rd



Mrs. Murrough O'Brien was also on the committee. She is the wife of Capt. Murrough O'Brien, Irish Guards, whom she married in 1942



## "Alice in Wonderland"

Lewis Carroll's Masterpiece Has  
Lost None of its Old Enchantment



"Speak roughly to your little boy  
And beat him when he sneezes"

*The cook (Caroll Dodgson—a great-niece of Lewis Carroll's)  
with the Duchess (Phyllis Morris) and Alice (Roma Beaumont)*



"A cat may look at a King," said Alice.

"It may kiss my hand," said the King of Hearts condescendingly  
*The King of Hearts (Franklin Dyall) with Alice and his Queen (Sybil Thorndike)*



Zena Dare as "The Red Queen"



"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone,  
"so I can't take more."



"Contrariwise," continued Tweedledee,  
"if it was so, it might be; and if it  
were so, it would be; but as it isn't,  
it ain't. That's logic."





*Roma Beaumont as Alice in Wonderland  
and Looking-Glass Land*

Brilliantly dramatised by Clemence Dane, the production of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, at the Scala Theatre, is proving a real wonderland for children of all ages. Gladys Calthrop, using Tenniel's illustrations as inspiration, has done the decor, and Richard Addinsell, who composed the "Warsaw Concerto," has contributed the music, which is under the direction of Muir Mathieson. The play is produced by Esme Church

*Photographs by John Vickers*



*Dame Sybil Thorndike as "The White Queen"*



The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock, conveniently low,  
And all the little oysters stood, and waited in a row.



"Who are you, aged man?" I said,  
"And how is it you live?"  
And his answer trickled through my head  
Like water through a sieve.



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DOWN in the Hick Belt we're still discussing the fact that just to spite the Minister of Agriculture and his farm-prices, Skipton (Yorks.) farmers voted solidly against the Government candidate and put the Common Wealth boy in. Which shows to what lengths we hay-seeds will go when really roused.

Except in Middlesex, where, as Cobbett noted, agriculturists have a kind of semi-sophisticated Cockney cunning, "about half St. Giles's, and every appearance of drinking gin," the Government candidate might have pulled it off at the last moment with some desperate move of the Old Cavalier School, such as kissing farmers' wives, a thing nobody ever dreams of. As in the East, madness of this kind would—at least in the Southern counties—be attributed to the Finger of Allah, and in the ensuing bedazement and hurly-burly the Government candidate might have got away with it. In Yorkshire, where they are most hard-headed, a better technique might have been to go round the barnyards at loading-time and judiciously add a bale of hay, or a sack or two of swedes, to the wife's morning load. The farmer, pleased and surprised, would say "Ee (or 'Sitha') that chap he knaws summut, dang me," and vote for him forthwith, even if the wife fell smack in the mud on her print pinny forthwith.

## Footnote

DOWN our way we have a homespun rhyme,  
When the marnun 's vair an' vine,  
Load 'un up to Plimsoll Line,  
When the vield be vull o' muck  
Load 'un up an' chance your luck.

At Hock-Tide we stick fairings and bits of greenery on our wives' loads as they plodge and stagger to and fro, saying us the price of an extra horse, and at harvest-time we hang things on their elbows, such as warming-pans and dungforks. All these fragrant old customs date from the Glorious Revolution and were introduced by the Whigs.

## Chinoiserie

ONLY the Chinese can make tea, an authority recently remarked, thinking doubtless of the clear pale golden liquid of exquisite fragrance they hand you in the embossed porcelain bowl, with the golden blossoms floating on it. Another thing only the Chinese can make, a chap was telling us, is gongs.

A Chinese bronze gong does not apparently produce the dull rumble, boom, crash, or roar of those brazen gongs Victorian and Edwardian footmen used to smite to warn the household that a whacking twelve-course dinner was on the way, with a sorbet



or water-ice midway to give the company their second wind. A Chinese gong produces a shimmering musical note of deep sonority and needs to be struck not hastily but with care, like a Colonel's wife. It is the principal jewel of a Chinese orchestra (this chap added) unless you prefer the more subtle and elusive note of a hollow wooden duck hit with a short bamboo rod. He thought a solo recital on the Chinese wooden duck (unaccompanied) would go down well in Wigmore Hall if the proper *snobisme* could be worked up beforehand among the élite. We said "Chinese music?" and he said "Any music," and we said "Brahms?" and he said "Brahms."

## Revolt

BRIDGE in the United States gets grimmer and more devilish, we judge from a recent fantasia by Auntie *Times's* bridge boy on the latest inhuman Transatlantic gambit, the Weak Opening Two-Bid. ("Weak" is good.)

The time, as we told a Portland Club member some time ago, is soon coming when East, a desperate chap, asked by West, an ironjawed woman with steely eyes, "Why did you lead spades?" will scream "Because I love you!" and set the room on fire. Problem 51897 will then be ready for Auntie's boy to chew over, and a real human problem it will be for once, with the whole table joining in.

NORTH: What a swine you are, East, setting this room on fire.

(East makes a rude gesture and goes out)

WEST: Your pants are smoking, South.  
SOUTH: All that rot about love, I mean what utter rot.

WEST: All right, South, maybe that part was all right. I mean you needn't crab everything. I mean maybe East meant that bit about love.

NORTH: Your bustle's blazing, West.  
SOUTH: Like hell he meant it. Like hell he did.

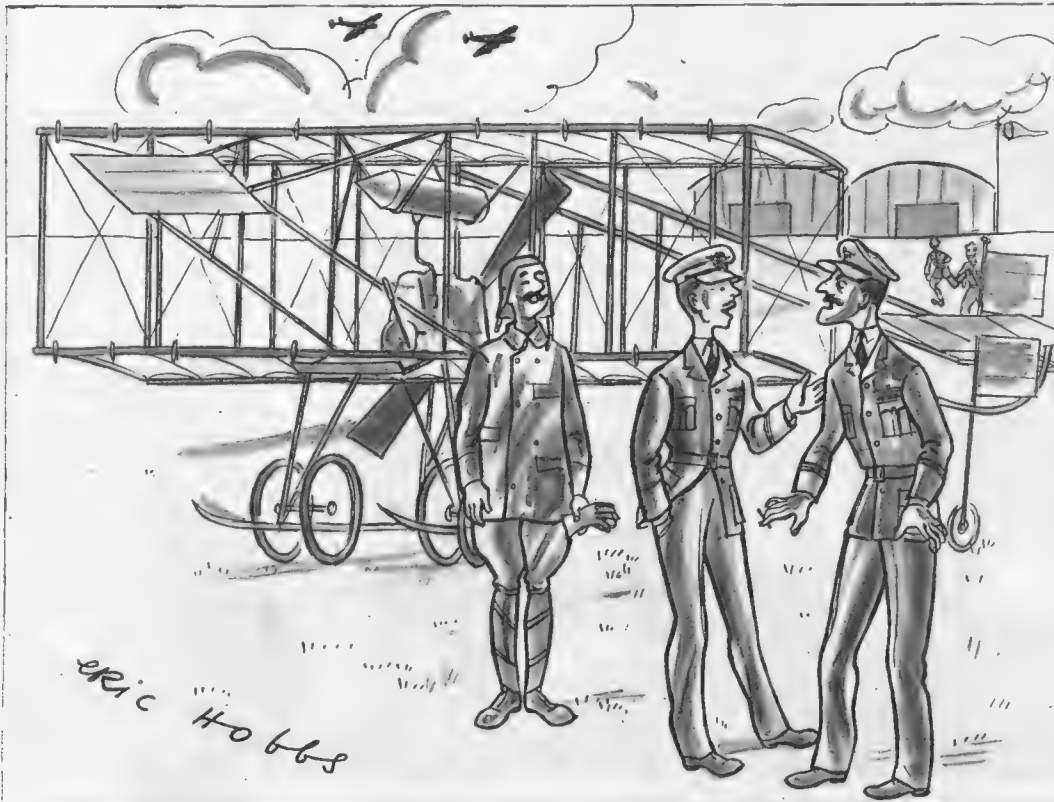
WEST: Listen, rat, what do you know about love?

NORTH: I bet he had the whole thing planned, the swine.

(Here the ceiling falls in, to the amusement of East, who is in the hall telephoning to a girl named Boogie. He cuts her off a moment to ring up the firemen, but they are out.)

The real problem is that when they eventually stagger out from under

(Concluded on page 110)



"He says he took off in 1910 to see how long he could hover!"



## Working for the Ministry of Aircraft Production

Many well-known people are employees at a factory of which Colonel the Hon. Edward Coke is production manager. Rates of pay vary from 1s. to 1s. 2d. an hour, and a number of the workers give their earnings to the Red Cross. These pictures show some of those who work on lathes and soldering benches. Colonel Coke is an uncle of the Earl of Leicester, and served in the Boer War, and in the last war, in the Rifle Brigade



*Mrs. Arthur Goodhart at her bench. Her husband is Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford*



*Mrs. P. Harding wears a gay overall while working. She is Lady Ribblesdale's daughter*



*Colonel the Hon. Edward Coke, the production manager, inspects work done by Lady du Cane*

*Hard at work preparing some soldering is Mrs. Elliot, wife of Captain Gilbert Elliot*



*Capt. B. Brooke is another worker at the factory. He is a brother of the Rajah of Sarawak*



*Lady Legh, wife of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, the King's Equerry, at a soldering bench*



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

the débris, West takes a taxi straight to Harley Street and says look, East has just made a confession of love to her over the bridge-table. The specialist then tries to tell her.

## Point

**I**N a valuable just-published survey, full of facts and figures, called "The Three Years of Fighting France," Félix de Grand'Combe makes a new and arresting point about Laval, namely that although Laval's pan may be more than homely (Mr. Ward Price compared it recently to that of a Marseilles pimp) he has tremendous personal charm, and is therefore a more dangerous Nazi trump-card than most people suspect.

This point has never been raised by any leading ex-Paris Correspondent, British or American, and in our unfortunate view the explanation is jealousy. Having mixed to some extent with those influential boys and bought some of them drinks, we can affirm that with one exception they were picked for brains rather than decorativeness and charm. The exception is Mr. George Slocombe, who has all three, and whose elegant presence and trim red Renaissance beard still call loudly for ruff, cloak, and plume, even against the murky background of Fleet Street. Why the Action Française never offered Mr. Slocombe the French Crown on the boulevards one day under the impression that he was Henri Quatre reincarnate we wouldn't know. Perhaps they did, and maybe three of the great jealous lords of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association instantly wired threatening suicide, a calamity Mr. Slocombe never would sanction, for Civilisation's sake.

## Whip

**C**URRYING favour (no doubt) with some wealthy harri-dan, one of the gossip-boys was implying the other day that rich women resent being ordered about, which is pure clotted poohbah and poodlepie, as every student of the species is aware.

Beau Nash tearing off the wayward but submissive Duchess of Queensberry's apron in Bath Assembly-Rooms and tossing it to the servants ("None but Abigails wear white Aprons here") is one example out of thousands. From a Tunbridge Wells Guide of 1736 we perceive that a Mr. Tyson, M.C. at that exclusive spa, stood no nonsense either. E.g.:

Rule II: To begin with, Minuets, and then Country-Dances. Those Ladies who intend to dance Minuets are requested to be properly dreft for that Purpose.

Rule IV: As the Custom of dancing two following Dances only with the same Lady prevails pretty generally, the Master of the Ceremonies thinks it proper to establish it as a Rule here.

Rule V: The Master of the Ceremonies thinks it needful to observe, that it is esteemed a

Point of good Breeding for those Ladies who have gone down with the Dance to continue in their Places, till the Reft have done the same.

The most wealthy and spoiled sweethearts in London Society obeyed without a murmur, kissing the rod and fawning on their tamer.

## Impulse

**W**E are often asked why rich Women of Today so frequently take up and patronise Poets, Actors, Musicians, Novelists, Journalists, and the Scum of the Populace. To which we reply that this Eccentricity is an obscure Yearning for Expiation and Self-Humiliation, on account of rich Women's manifold Sins and Wickednesses, as Mr. Dostoevsky and other Mufcovite Authours have justly observed. Rufians of the Beau Monde used to humiliate themselves with great Brio and Sincerity, but the present



"Much better come down, Miss Cricklewood, and try to forget we were ever civilised"



"All right, dear—I am receiving you, as I believe you say, loud and clear"

Regime has probably abolished this Need.

## Epic

**T**HAT old story is cropping up again, we observe, about the milk-cart horse which turned suddenly to a business man walking down the street and said: "Good morning," whereupon the business man said fiercely: "I've read about you, you're the milk-cart horse that goes round telling people you won the Derby in Minoru's year, when you weren't even placed," and walked on highly offended. That, however, is only half the story, as usual.

What happened next was that the milkman came up and the business man told him contemptuously what the horse had said, "He's a born liar," said the milkman sourly. "Why, he can't even talk." "Oh, can't I?" said the horse. "No," said the milkman, "you're just a horse." "Well, for Heaven's sake," said the horse. A short silence followed, the business man blowing his nose with a sneer, the milkman counting empty bottles, and the horse staring feebly at them both. Finally the horse mumbled: "Anyway I won the 1909 Derby. Ask Wetherby's if I didn't," and the milkman said sulkily: "Gee-ERP," and jogged him, and they moved on. The business man (a Mr. Porpen-tine) then caught his train to the City, where he was sales-manager to a firm called O-So-Silkie Snugglewear, Ltd. (End.)

D. B. Wyndham Lewis





Fred Daniels

## A Study in Browne and Gray

Coral Browne and Sally Gray are the sisters Sherwood in *My Sister Eileen*, at the Savoy Theatre. Their performances as Ruth and Eileen have brought to them enormous fan mails—probably amongst the largest in the country—and have made this American comedy one of the brightest shows in town. It gives Sally her first "straight" role and proves what an excellent little actress she is. Coral is, of course, well versed in the legitimate theatre—she was Robert Morley's leading lady in *The Man Who Came to Dinner* for nearly two years at the same theatre immediately prior to the production of *My Sister Eileen* there



## Princess Eli and Princess

Play the Leading Roles  
Royal Pantomime,

The King and Queen were members of the audience held in December in a country house, in which name-part, and Princess Margaret appeared as Princess Kent and his sister also took part. The play was a village schoolmaster, with his wife as wardrobe, the Royal Household from scraps provided by the King himself was responsible for some of the mime in which the Princesses have acted, and as given to the Royal Wool Fund. The entire members of the Forces, and music was provided.

Photographs by Studio



*The Tea-Party Scene in the Royal Pantomime, "Aladdin"*





# Elizabeth Margaret

This Year's  
"Aladdin"

...ce at the pantomime *Aladdin*,  
Princess Elizabeth played the  
...ess Roxana. They were sup-  
...illage school, and the Duke of  
...roduced by Mr. Tannar, the  
...stress; dresses were made in  
...hildren and their parents, and  
...kes. This is the third panto-  
...previous years proceeds were  
...stic audience included many  
...by a military string band

isa







## Air Marshal R. S. Sorley : Inventor, Essayist and Airman

Air Marshal Ralph Squire Sorley, C.B., O.B.E., D.S.C., D.F.C., became Controller of Research and Development at the Ministry of Aircraft Production and a member of the Aircraft Supply Council in April 1943. Although he played an important part in our fighter development, he was originally a bomber man, and won the D.S.C. in 1918 while serving in the R.N.A.S. for bombing attacks by night and day. Since the last war he was engaged on flying duties in the Middle East, at the Marine Aircraft and the Aeroplane Armament Experimental Establishments, and in 1927 on scientific research at the Air Ministry. He commanded No. 8 Bomber Squadron at Aden in 1931, later returning to the Air Ministry, and was in command of the Aeroplane Armament Experimental Establishment from February 1940 until becoming Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Operational Requirements and Tactics) in June 1941. Educated at University School, Hastings, Air Marshal Sorley won the Gordon Sheppard Memorial Essay Prize in 1935, and the Inventions Awards Committee granted him £200 for his bomb-carrying device, which was taken up by the R.A.F.



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Contrariwise

WHEN we were little boys "They" were very fond of telling us to open our mouths and shut our eyes and see what the good fairies would send us. It is probable that if Some People, who shall be nameless, shut their mouths and opened their eyes they would help the ship to get along much faster.

## Entries for the Classics

It is suggested with all due submission that at a moment when something a bit bigger than the Derby is set down to be fought out to a finish, these lists for the big contests for three-year-olds can only possess a semi-detached interest for us. Too few people realise that we live in the forward base for the biggest and most difficult operation in the biggest and bloodiest war in history: that the enemy outpost line is only about twenty miles away; that we are within about seven minutes' flying time by his slowest bombers; that a stupendous force has got to jump a very awkward open ditch full of water, and that, moreover, it has got to land right side up with all four feet on the farther bank, and galloping on when it gets there. One thing stands out many yards where this thing is concerned: timing. It has got to be absolutely exact, and nothing can be allowed to import the risk of even a split second's delay. It must be like that, just the same as it is in a steeplechase—a second too soon or a second too late, and both of you are on the carpet with that nasty dunt so familiar to many, lucky if it is only a bluggy nose and the wind knocked out of you; possibly something a lot worse. So, viewed from this angle, I say again that these entries can only have an academic value at the moment. There is such a heck of an "If."

## But...

SUPPOSING Fate is kind, and even if that arrant flirt is not, the possibilities where any big race is concerned always make for amusing chat, and sometimes for some even more amusing wrangling, for it is my experience



W/Cdr. E. G. Oakley Beuttler, O.B.E.

Above is a portrait of the artist whose drawings have been such a popular feature of "The Tatler" for many years. W/Cdr. Beuttler, who is now an Air Inspecting Officer to the Air Training Corps, is unfortunately unable to continue his cartoons for a few weeks owing to a slight eye injury

that people never get quite so hot under the collar as they do when the subject is "The Horse." They can even talk about The Fairies or Bridge with greater composure. So let us try to make a few cursory remarks with the words "Provided Always" in big capital letters prominently before our eyes. Orestes (present Derby quotation 5 to 1, which is almost as good as saying that the layer believes that he is already home and dry) is entered for everything for which he is eligible; so are Fair Glint, Effervescence, Gustator and Vigorous,

to pick a few that hit my own eye, and also Happy Landing, who does not. At the moment, as it strikes me, I should say that, if he were a ship in a beam sea, he would roll like the very devil. I hope that he is all that his friends think. This not being either the time or the place for picking them, I say nothing about the justification for Orestes' price for the Derby. If I could get a nice wager at half of it for the Guineas, I should not think myself badly treated! His Majesty's Fair Glint is at 12 to 1 for the Derby, and as I think he was unlucky not to win the Dewhurst (7 furlongs), it looks a tempting price to me. Also he is a very nice colt. Gustator, who some of the critics asserted would not stay, is going to let them find out for certain in the Derby and the Leger. He cannot be far behind Lady Wyn, and therefore about as good as Fair Fame, and must be quite as good as Happy Landing (the reference is the Rous Stakes, September 17th, 1943). However, this savours of argument. In the Derby the only ladies of distinction are Fair Fame, the elected Prima Donna, and Blue Cap, Lord Rosebery's very nice filly, of whom I am sure we did not see the best in her debutante days. Nightingall obviously thinks that girls should be girls, just as boys should be boys, for neither Lady Wyn nor Mrs. Mops are to rub shoulders with

(Concluded on page 116)



At a Recent Investiture

Lt. E. D. E. Reed, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., received a Bar to the D.S.C. With him here are his parents and his younger brother. Lt. Reed was captain of the Harrow Rugby XV. and a Cambridge Rugby Blue



A Visit to Anti-Aircraft Command

Major-Gen. E. B. Rowcroft, Director of Mechanical Engineering and head of the new Corps of Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, recently visited an A.A. Regimental Training School. Above: Capt. E. F. J. Bullen, Lt.-Col. J. B. Wormall, Brig. J. A. E. Burls, C.B.E., Major-Gen. E. B. Rowcroft, C.B.E., Lt.-Col. D. D. Rothschild, Major E. B. K. Cope



Officers of H.M. Submarine Seraph

Recently returned to port after thirteen months in the Mediterranean were W/Eng. M. N. Stevenson, D.S.C., Lt. F. G. Harris, R.N.V.R., Lt. R. Norris, R.N.V.R., Lt. N. L. A. Jewell, M.B.E., the Commanding Officer, and Lt. W. D. S. Scott, R.N.



## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

the colts, either here or in the Two Thousand or the Leger. As I work it out that Lady Wyn is every bit as good as Fair Fame, I am rather disappointed. I was going to tip her to win the St. Leger. It may now have to be some other woman.

It may be Fair Fame, a beautiful filly and a racing machine on her looks. I think she is much more likely to win in the Mares' Month than in the spring, because that is such a treacherous period for young women, whether they have four legs or two. It has even been known to affect doves, who, according to Alfred Tennyson, adopt a livelier iris. However, here's hoping! I believe that a filly may win the Leger.

The boys I like best at the moment are Fair Glint, Orestes, Vigorous, if he trains on, and Gustator. Orestes will be the earliest winner. But at the moment no dates or places are mentioned for any of these races.



### Silver Jubilee of a Destroyer

Officers and men of H.M.S. Mackay, a British flotilla leader, recently celebrated the ship's jubilee by a party on arriving in port. A magnificent cake was provided by a member of the W.R.N.S.



Parties on H.M. ships being short affairs nowadays, Capt. "D," Cdr. R. F. Jessel, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., was soon back on the bridge. With him in the picture is the First Lieutenant



### The Shamrock Club

At the Shamrock Club, London meeting-place of Irish men and women members of the Allied Forces, is a board on which appear names of six Irish recipients of the V.C., and 160 other men and women who have been decorated during the present war

### The Rintelen Touch

SAVE that the time-bombs which Kapitän-Lieutenant Von Rintelen put into the British ships in New York during the last war were cigar-shaped, and the ones which have been put into the British ships bringing oranges from Spain are shaped, and look like, oranges, there is not a pin to pick between the two operations. The latter was inspired by the former: the object in each identical, namely, that these vessels should be what the Germans playfully call *spurlos versenkt*, sunk without a trace. Von Rintelen, who bribed Irish dock labourers in New York to place his "cigars" in the holds, unfortunately succeeded only too well; the Spanish dock labourers employed by the Germans in neutral Spain have not done quite so well. In Rintelen's case it was this act which mainly brought final disaster upon him, and it is more than probable that the vivid memory of it averted his getting a job in our Department of Naval Intelligence in this war, in spite of all that the late Admiral Sir Reginald Hall tried to do for him. The Admiral knew Von Rintelen's form to an ounce: he believed that the former German naval officer hated Hitler, Von Papen, "Von" Ribbentrop and Company, but Sir Reginald Hall's successors in N.I. also knew of the Kapitän-Leutenant's great talent, and they did not believe that a leopard can change his spots. Furthermore,

there is too much of the dangerous "neutral" material Rintelen used lying about.

### The Candid German

VON RINTELEN was quite charmingly candid about how his "cigars" worked, and the information which he gives in his book *The Dark Invader* may intrigue the people who are now dealing with the "oranges." I quote: "This piece of lead [the Rintelen "cigar"] was hollow inside. Into the middle of the tube a circular disc of copper had been pressed and soldered, dividing it into two chambers. One of these chambers was filled with picric acid, or some other inflammable liquid. A strong plug made of wax with a simple lead cap made both ends airtight. The copper disc could be as thick or as thin as we pleased. If it were thick, the two acids on either side took a long time to eat their way through. If it were thin, the mingling of the two acids would occur within a few days. By regulating the thickness of the disc it was possible to determine the time when the acids would come together. This formed a safe and efficient fuse. When the two acids mingled at the appointed time a silent but intense flame from twenty to thirty centimetres long shot out from both ends of the tube, and while it was still burning the lead-casing melted away without a trace! *Spurlos!*"



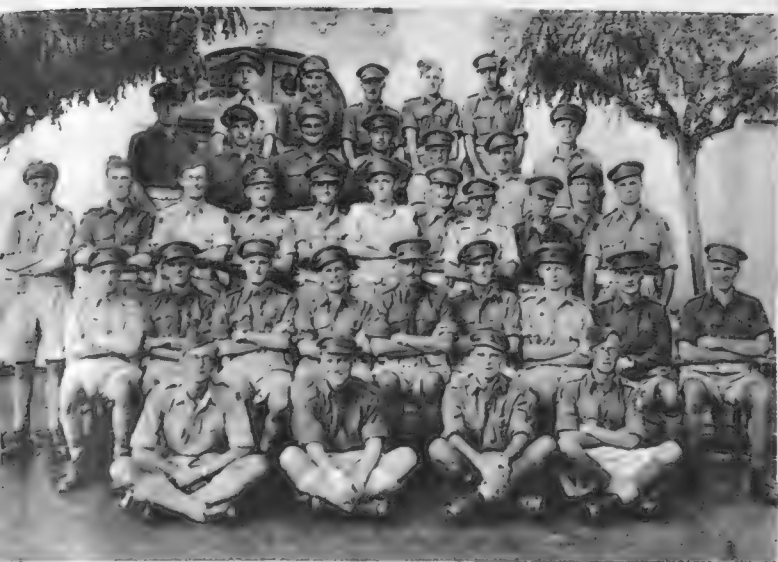
### The Dominions Rugby Team Beat London by 13 Points to 9

D. R. Stuart

The London XV, who lost the match after a close game on Richmond Athletic Ground: (sitting) J. C. H. Mathews, E. P. Dunkley, A. L. Warr (captain), J. R. Tyler, A. Batty-Shaw; (standing) H. G. Lathwell (referee), N. M. Malempre, E. W. Graham, B. M. McGuirk, M. Shirley, E. T. Griffiths, C. D. McIver, J. L. Marriott, A. L. Evans, W. C. Ramsey (linesman); (on ground) M. C. Morgan, C. S. M. Stephen

Mr. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, came to encourage his countrymen. The Dominions team: (sitting) P/O. G. Brown, F/Lt. J. B. Nicholls, F/Lt. E. Grant (captain), Mr. W. J. Jordan, N/A. C. J. Phelps, F/Lt. B. Andrews; (standing) F/O. L. A. Kilgour, P/O. R. LeLong, F/Sgt. I. H. Dustin, P/O. W. F. Crist, F/O. P. Glanville, F/O. R. A. Daston, F/Lt. B. Miles, Sgt. K. Taubmann, H. G. Lathwell (referee); (on ground) Sgt. K. Charlton, P/O. Veitch

## On Active Service



*Staff of an Airfield—Tactical Air Force*

Front row: F/Lt. A. F. Amor, W/Cdr. D. Crowley-Milling, D.F.C. and Bar, S/Ldr. R. J. V. Hadley, W/Cdr. C. S. Morice, M.C., S/Ldrs. T. D. Ross, T. G. Davies, F/Lts. C. A. Martin, R. A. Somervell. Second row: F/Os J. Gaston, J. Slater, F/Lt. A. E. Chivers, F/O. A. Willis, F/Lt. J. W. Wilson, F/Os J. F. Topham, C. G. Russell, J. A. M. Stainer, P/Os H. G. Dust, H. J. Dive. Back row: F/Lt. C. H. G. Weale; F/Os W. H. Brown, W. J. Pearson, F/Lts. R. F. P. Landon; T. N. Railton, F/O. L. H. Stopforth

*The Officers of a Light A.-A. Regt. in Sicily*

Front row: Lts. G. T. Witt, P. J. A. Kelly, G. W. Gibbs, R. F. Jennison. Second row: Capt. R. O. Widdup, H. P. McMichael, Majors D. A. Robinson, M.C., E. G. Bates, The Commanding Officer, Majors R. Vetch, P. D. Warren, Capt. P. W. Hawkins, E. L. Burbridge. Third row: Lt. H. S. Officer, Croix de Guerre, Capt. A. A. Blair, Jessop, R.E.M.E., W. H. Dunlop, A. Jones, Lt. J. S. Burch, Capt. A. G. Stephenson, R.A.M.C., Lt. (Q.M.) H. H. W. Clark, Lts. F. L. Moss, W. Marshall. Fourth row: Rev. R. S. Thomson, R.A.Ch.D., Lt. G. F. Grace, Capt. F. E. Wallace-Tarry, D. B. Collinson, T. J. Watson, Lts. S. Campbell, K. R. Foot. Back row: Lt. G. R. Ainsworth, Capt. S. Campbell, S. C. Pope, Lts. D. H. G. Wisdom, R. Evans



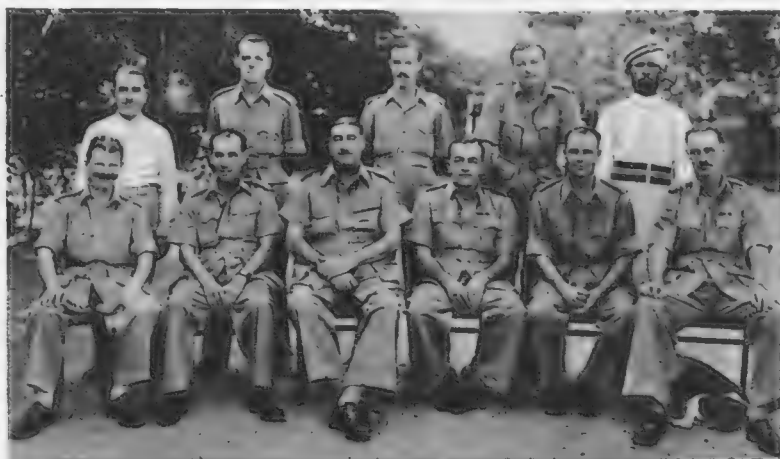
*Officers and W.R.N.S., Engineering and Electrical Section, at a Combined Operation Centre*

Right, front row: Elec. Lt.-Cdr. Kinsey, Cdr. (E) Birkett, Eng.-Cdr. Jones, 3rd/O. Grindlay, Rear-Admiral (E) A. L. P. Mark-Wardlaw, 2nd/O. Smallwood, Cdr. (E) Collingwood-Carter, Lt.-Cdrs. (E) Ferguson, (E) Hughes. Sub-Lts. (Sp.) Somerfield, (E) Heer, (E) Saunders. Second row: Lts. (E) Salisbury, Mr. Taylor, Wt. El., R.N., Lt. (E) Dyer, Elec. Lt. Rowan, Lts. (E) Dickenson, (E) Kendall, (E) Tearle, Lt.-Cdr. (E) Stokes. Back row: Wrens Cackett, Grigson, Fairweather, Bell, Henderson, Toombs, Edwards, Pritchard, Corduroy, Leading Wren Corke. Front (sitting on ground): Leading Wren Fish, Wren Brindley



*Officers of a Battalion of The Green Howards in India, 1943*

Front row: Capt. F. Yates, D. C. Siddall, H. H. J. Clifford, The Commanding Officer, with "Romeo," Capt. J. Forrester-Smith, L. J. Murchie, G. A. Dale. Second row: Lts. A. F. Myers, C. Scott, Capt. J. S. White, T. Collier, R.A.M.C., Lts. F. Atkinson, J. R. Sealy. Back row: Lts. R. W. H. Hemens, R. D. Carr-Gomm, E. R. Johnson, E. Hudson, R. V. J. Ellis, D. A. Kendal



*A Group of Officers in the Punjab*

Front row: Lt. G. V. Sadler, Capt. J. A. Murphy, Majors E. Symonds, M.B.E., R.I.A.S.C., G. Sleeman, R.I.A.S.C., Lt. I. Stevenson, R.A., Capt. C. Boothman (Green Howards). Second row: Mr. Karam Chand (Mess Clerk), Lts. C. G. Rodgers (Lancashire Fusiliers), J. H. Forth (Royal Sussex Regiment), P. C. K. Andrewes, Nabi Baksh (Mess Abdar)



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Six Novels

"TALKING OF JANE AUSTEN," by Sheila Kaye-Smith and G. B. Stern (Cassell; 12s. 6d.), is a book very aptly named. It follows what might well be the course and shape of a conversation, between two friends, about Jane Austen during a country week-end. One, then another aspect of Jane Austen's writing, and of the world it created, is brought up. In some cases, one thing leads to another; in others, there are reflective breaks and pauses, then fresh starts, such as do so often occur when a topic is as fascinating as it is inexhaustible. Friends can, of course, talk for hours about their mutual friends, and even with strangers, meeting for the first time, there is a leap forward in warmth and intimacy when one discovers the first common acquaintance. Those who dislike, or shun, or have already forgotten (if this be possible) Jane Austen's novels and the characters in them, will not, as the authors predict, get much out of what is here. Miss Kaye-Smith and Miss Stern are not, by their own showing, out to make converts. At least a working knowledge of the six novels, and a degree of enthusiasm for them, are necessary if *Talking of Jane Austen* is to be enjoyed.

And even then there may be trouble. The admirers of Jane Austen are a touchy crowd, with a rare and curious faculty of annoying one another. For my own part, for instance, I quarrel furiously with the expression "Janeites": I have always deplored its invention and still see no possible reason for its use. I cannot see why Jane Austen, herself a stand-offish person with a palpable sympathy for the stand-offish character, should be found to inspire the kind of Frothblower-like matinees that "Janeites" suggest. If there must—and I do not see the necessity—be a collective name for the admirers of Jane Austen, why not "Austenites"? There is nothing wrong with the surname, which is, as far as I know, shared by no other novelist. To make free with the Christian name implies a possessive familiarity which I feel Jane Austen would have disliked. We know what Emma felt about Mrs. Elton.

The authors of *Talking of Jane Austen* do not say "Jane" often, and prefix their few lapses with an explanation. Having started to read the book with my hackles up, I was gained, from chapter to chapter, by its unself-consciousness, its vitality, and its no-nonsense atmosphere, and I felt a salutary respect for the authors' thorough textual knowledge of the six novels—I was knocked out flat by the "Quiz," which was good for me. I commend this Quiz, by the way, as a very excellent take-down, as well as a way of passing a winter evening. I had thought I knew the six Jane Austen novels by heart; this proved to be far from true. I wonder how you will fare.

## Turn About

"TALKING OF JANE AUSTEN" is not, in the usual sense, a work of collaboration—literary collaboration is to me, as a writer, one of the mysteries: I can't think how two writers can see it through without murder. No; in this case the chapters are written alternately by Miss Kaye-Smith and Miss Stern; once or twice they tackle each other's statements; the divergence of their two judgments makes for interest. Miss Kaye-Smith, for instance, finds Miss Stern unfair to Fanny, of *Mansfield Park*. "G. B. Stern and I," she says elsewhere, "are in many ways very unlike each other, yet on this matter" [enthusiasm for Jane Austen] "we shout with one voice—sometimes, I think (for variety's sake), a little too much in unison. We have, of course, this in common, that we are both writers, and I think a certain degree of literary appreciation is necessary for a real devotion to Jane Austen. Certainly many can have the appreciation without the devotion, but she is not for those who have it not."

I am sure that is so. One must be a critical reader (though not, I think, at all necessarily a writer) to perceive what it is that sets the Jane Austen novels apart from all others in our language. Their mechanism is, it is true, so nearly faultless, so smoothly running, that one is not aware of it unless one chooses to be. I must say that Miss Kaye-Smith staggered me, in the same chapter, by saying that Jane Austen is "no stylist. . . . She scrambles along in the colloquial English of her day. . . ." Really! If (for instance) the opening of



F. A. Don

## Photographer to the Royal Family

Mrs. L. Sheridan, of Welwyn Garden City, whose portraits of the Royal Princesses in pantomime appear in this issue, has been employed by the Royal Household for the past seven years, taking the more informal snapshots of the King and Queen and their family, of whom she has a unique collection of charming pictures

*Persuasion*, and almost the whole of *Emma*, are not models (in precision, speed, force, lightness, irony and sheer cadence) of English narrative style, where else are models to be found? An eighteenth-century echo, in the love of antithesis, remains, but any classic stiffness yields to her own flexibility: in the colloquial passages, used to vary the texture, one feels her discrimination no less at work.

I agreed with Miss Stern's friend in not liking the word "chump," though I enjoyed her discussion of Mr. Woodhouse, Lady Bertram, Mrs. Allen, and others. The controversial Chapter XI, on the subject of Jane Austen's possible "failures," is divided between the two authors—Miss Stern names Colonel Brandon, Eleanor Tilney and Lady Catherine de Bourgh; Miss Kaye-Smith names Mary Bennet, Mr. Palmer and Lady Russell. You may or may not agree, but at least this should make you think. Elsewhere, Jane Austen's tantalising reticence on the subject of clothes and food is deplored: any few exceptions are noted. The conjectural chapter, discussing various characters—Isabella Thorpe's friend Miss Andrews, Colonel Forster, Aunt Hayter, Mrs. Perry, etc.—who remain always off-stage, is stimulating. *Mansfield Park*, as the most substantial, conventional and, I suppose, ambitious of the six novels, is analysed from a number of different points of view. Only one question, I noticed, was not brought up—would Henry Crawford, however reckless his mood, have eloped with (of all people) the cloying

(Concluded on page 120)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

NATURE, we have been told, makes our faces, but we alone

make our expressions. Nevertheless, I am beginning to doubt if there be any certain clue to character at all. I know a young man whose face, when in repose, has the most hauntingly beautiful expression I have ever seen. But, knowing him as I do, I don't think I would trust him in the black-out with my sister. Some time ago I found myself in the company of a group of youths, each one of whom, regarded physically and from their pleasantly open countenances, would surely fill any parental heart with love and pride. Nevertheless, though they were cleaning out a church when I saw them, they went back to a Borstal for their tea.

During the years when I lived in Belgium, I often used to see one of the richer and more royal courtesans who, in spite of a murky past, could have posed in any stained-glass window as a Madonna at any minute. Place a pictorial exhibition of M.P.s against an exhibition from the Gallery of Rogues and, were you not informed beforehand, you would quite probably place your vote gladly in custody for the rogues. True, Himmler looks what he is, but many a murderer has looked what he *wasn't*.

Therefore am I nonplussed when it comes to summing-up a man and a woman by the look of them. I am beginning to

By Richard King

feel suspicious of first-sight attraction. I may even end by distrusting the

open, honest face and, in spite of an instinctive prejudice, pin my faith to a squint. So, perhaps, it is our *intentions* which give us our expression, though our performance can quite easily belie them. No wonder, therefore, our intentions so often leave us living with a grievance and make us feel at times as if we were being persecuted by our virtues, rather than rewarded by them. Nevertheless, in spite of experience teaching us to place no blind faith in what appears seraphic, we shall probably continue to rely on first judgments and, like the racehorse gambler, forget that we lost a "packet" at Newmarket last Tuesday, remembering only that we won five pounds at Sandown on Wednesday, should these first judgments sometimes prove correct. We are so seldom wary when it would make us happier to feel wise. There are few things so disconcerting as when events prove that our intuition played us false.

Only the other day I sat at the next table to an old couple who, from their appearance, I judged to be pillars of local councils and proppers-up of the more moribund proprieties. Nevertheless, the old lady remarked quite casually to her husband—gone scraggy like a wartime cockerel living in the hope of appearing as a chicken on the menu—"My dear, while you're in that nudist camp, I shall go and stay with Caroline!"

# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



*Levett — Gronvold*

Major Robert George Levett, The North Staffordshire Regiment, and Miss Valerie Gordon Gronvold, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lars G. Gronvold, of Hove, Sussex, and sister of the Marchioness of Ely, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



*Style — Scobell*

Mr. Rodney Gerald Style, Coldstream Guards, younger son of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Rodney Style, of Wierton Grange, Maidstone, and Miss Melloney Scobell, were married at the Chapel Royal of St. Peter and Vincula, Tower of London. The bride is the younger daughter of Major-Gen. Sir John and Lady Scobell, of Russells Water, Henley-on-Thames, and granddaughter of the late Col. and Mrs. Scobell, of Walton House, Tewkesbury



Right: The wedding took place at Caxton Hall Register Office of Dr. L. Haden Guest, M.C., M.P., and Dr. Edith E. MacQueen, of Braintree, Essex. The bridegroom, who represents North Islington in the House of Commons, is a major in the R.A.M.C.

*Haden Guest — MacQueen*



*Roche — Eustace Jameson*

Mr. Edmond Burke Roche, younger son of the late Hon. Alexis Roche and the late Hon. Mrs. Roche, of Co. Cork, and Miss Vivien Eustace Jameson, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. K. Eustace Jameson, of Heritage House, Warley, Sussex, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



*Macpherson — Backhouse*

Lt. Archibald Norman Macpherson, R.N., son of the late Lt.-Col. A. D. Macpherson and Mrs. Macpherson, of 36, Abingdon Court, W., married Miss Joan Margaret Backhouse, daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Backhouse and Lady Backhouse, of 32, Sloane Gardens, S.W., at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street



*McDonald Hull — Ropner*

Major Claude McDonald Hull, M.C., The Green Howards, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. McDonald Hull, married Miss Patricia Elizabeth Ropner, younger daughter of Sir Robert Ropner, Bt., and Lady Ropner, of Scuttskelfe Hall, Cleveland, Yorkshire, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 105)

have hunt servants been better mounted. Major Lucas, a very fine horse-man, has always been known for the lovely horses he rode himself, and every year he sent up six of his hunters to Tattersall's on "Ascot" Monday, always a big social gathering of hunting people.

## Three Hundred Party

LADY VICTOR PAGET and her hard-working organiser, Mrs. P. R. Malyon Waldron, with a strong committee which included Lady Brook, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, Sir Frank Newnes, Princess Irene Obolensky, and many other kind people anxious to help peacetime charities, can congratulate themselves on a most successful evening for their third "Three Hundred" party held at Claridge's on Saturday. It was held in aid of the Paddington Tuberculosis Dispensary, which is the oldest establishment of its kind in the country.

The affair, which went with a swing from the start, seemed to me to be largely "airborne"—a fact I attribute to that popular and versatile young man, Capt. S. L. Drummond-Jackson, of the Airborne Field Ambulance, who brought a large party of airborne officers with him. One of these, Lt.-Col. G. F. P. Bradbrooke, commanding the 1st Canadian Parachute Battalion, was sitting at Lady Victor Paget's table, with Lady Timothy Eden and her two girls, Rose and Ann.

## People There

LADY EDEN told me she had recently returned from Canada, with the girls and her boy, John, who is now in the Rifle Brigade. I gathered she rather regrets those wonderful days in Canada, when with her party of twenty-two evacuees, she lived on the huge lumber estate at Breakyville, near Quebec, the property of Colin and Ian Breaky. Lady Victor's other guests were Sir Charles Doughty, K.C., and Sir Joseph Addison, K.C.M.G., who were with Lady Orr Lewis.

Lady Brook, one of the most active members of the committee, who is Hon. Treasurer of the Paddington Tuberculosis Dispensary, and has its cause much at heart, took her turn at the ticket table with Margaret Countess of Mayo. One of the most cheery tables was Mrs. Dolby's, an American-born hostess, who was giving the first party for her seventeen-year-old girl, Virginia. Virginia seemed to enjoy dancing with her young Etonian brother, Robert, when she was not partnering the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders or General Peabody, Military Attaché at the United States Embassy.

## Anniversary Party

MR. ANTHONY EDEN took his younger son, Nicholas, who is just starting off life at Eton, to the fourth anniversary party of the All-Services Canteen Club, so ably run for serving men of all the Allied nations by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, at 12, Upper Grosvenor Street. The Club is primarily run to feed and provide home comforts for the men, but it also organises dances and concerts, and on four occasions since it opened, special performances of popular London shows have been given for them. Among the distinguished guests received by Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden and by Mrs. Littlejohn Cook were Lady Louis Mountbatten, Air Marshal Sir Richard and Lady Peck, Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, Lord and Lady Marchwood, G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, the Ambassadors of Poland, Yugoslavia, Soviet Republic, United States, the Netherlands, Belgium and Greece, and many others too numerous to recall by name.



## The Archbishop of Canterbury Officiates at a Country Wedding

The marriage of Mr. Derek Roland Wigram, elder son of the late R. L. Wigram and Mrs. Prendergast, to Miss Catherine Mary Inge, daughter of the Very Rev. W. R. Inge and Mrs. Inge, of Brightwell Manor, Wallingford, took place at Brightwell Church. Above are the bride and bridegroom with her parents and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who officiated at the ceremony.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

Maria Rushworth? I think I agree that he would, but should like to have reasons shown.

In the main, *Talking of Jane Austen* disarms any attempt at pedantic criticism. I am not sure whether the authors have stressed enough that Jane Austen is essentially a writer for the grown-up, and that the distressing stupidity of the young, in their failure to see the point of her, should not be held against them.

And, again, I find the authors too timid as to Jane Austen's snobbery. Of course she was a snob, a cracking snob—does that matter? She made no bones about realities that she saw. Almost all other well-known English novelists are marred, as novelists, by a sort of prudery, or, at least, facetiousness, on the subject of class distinction. As to this, her realism was admirable and her frankness may be found almost French.

## Going Through the Barn

THE salvage-drive, sending the women of England to cupboards, attics, long-locked bureau drawers and dusty trunks, must have set up, all over the country, a sort of tidal wave of retrospection. The sentimental accumulation of whole lifetimes had to come up for judgment.

Nothing one ever kept had been kept for no reason—one had to remember that. Not only the smell of dust, but the smell of the past filled homes during those historic salvage weeks. I wondered (while myself in the grip of the salvage fever) to how much literature—novels, poems, autobiographies, stories—this would shortly give birth. As far as I know, Noel Streatfeild's *Myra Carrol* (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is the first "salvage novel" to come along.

Beautiful Mrs. Carrol, it is true, does everything that she does at her own time, and is now going through the barn in response to a definite request, for definite objects, from the local depot. Palting, the furnished house in the country, has been the wartime home of her children and of her husband since he was discharged from the Army with a Dunkirk head-wound: Myra Carrol herself has, till lately, been living with someone else. The Palting barn, whose cold dustiness Myra nerves herself to attack, contains the furniture of the closed Chelsea house, also some pieces and pictures from her Devonshire childhood. It is these last, as she brings them into the daylight, that start running the film of Myra Carrol's memory. And of this the story is to consist.

The idea of *Myra Carrol* seems to me, frankly, better than its carrying-out. For my own part, my attitude to the heroine remained neutral; I never either really disliked or liked her, for the reason that she was never quite real to me. It seems to me essential, for interest in a novel, that one should have a strong reaction to at least one of the characters, if not the central one; and in *Myra Carrol* the whole cast slipped by me. Only the three chilly, busy women, working away at the depot, gripped my imagination at all thoroughly, and these appeared only on the first page and the last.

I think the point must be this—Myra is, before all, an elusive character, who makes no very close contacts with other people, and whose forty-one years of life have fled like a dream. It is hard to build up a novel without felt contacts, positive characters, memorable conversations, sharply-defined scenes. "I care for nobody, no, not I; and nobody cares for me," is not a promising attitude for a heroine—unless you exaggerate this to the point of comedy; and of comedy there is none here.

*Myra Carrol*, however, is well written, delicate in feeling and original as to plot. I feel sure it's somebody's novel, if not mine.

## Intruder

IN *The Man Next Door* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), M. G. Eberhart is, as detective-novelist, at the top of her form. Wartime Washington, in soft spring rain, is the scene: Christine Blake, that charming, if slightly inane young widow, has a house still unspoiled by these dire days, and a library that—with chintz sofas, flowers, crackling fire, and all the newest books—is far better suited to the informal tea-party than to one, then almost another, grisly shooting affair.

I must say that I do dearly love to read about people still being comfortable and pretty, even with murder as a concomitant.

The actual heroine (and she deserves the title) is not Christine, but her brother-in-law's secretary: young Maida Lovell has been brought by Steve Blake to Washington, where his work is as hush-hush as it is vital. Maida is, as she has to tell herself ruefully, in the best Hollywood manner, "in love with her boss." Steve's attentions to the orchidaceous Angela have already been, for Maida, sufficiently trying—and now worse is to happen. Steve is framed for a murder, and Maida, through her attempts to protect him, has to stand up to blackmail by a Nazi spy-gang, the identity of whose leader is the crowning surprise.

## Chinese

"EASY CHINESE DISHES FOR TO-DAY," by Moira Field and Chung San Chao (The Bodley Head; 3s. 6d.), is a first-rate, practical little book—not, the authors say, for those who believe the base of Chinese cookery to be either birds'-nests or shark fins. The vegetable, fish and egg recipes strike one as specially suitable for the English wartime kitchen, and sound delicious.



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# LOOKING FOR SPRING



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## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A WEALTHY woman asked an assistant in the wool department of a big shop for instructions on how to make a dog's sweater.  
"How big is the dog?" asked the salesgirl. The woman's illustrations were not very helpful.

"Perhaps you'd better bring the dog in," suggested the girl behind the counter.  
"Oh, I can't do that," said the customer. "It's to be a surprise for him."

THE famous actor John Drew had shaved off his moustache to play a part and the result was that his appearance was completely different. Shortly afterwards he met Max Beerbohm in the vestibule of a London theatre and could not remember who Beerbohm was. Beerbohm had the better memory.

"Oh, Mr. Drew," he said. "I'm afraid you don't know me without your moustache."

A VERY small country boy was in New York for the first time. Taking an elevator to the top of a skyscraper, the child and his father had shot up thirty stories at breath-taking speed, when the little lad asked, timidly:—  
"Daddy, does God know we're coming?"

THE two men had been partners in business for many, many years. But now the partnership was about to be dissolved, for one of the two lay dying.  
The sick man called his partner to his bedside.

"I know I haven't much longer to live, old man," he said. "But before I go I've got a confession I must make. During our years in business together I've swindled you out of thousands of pounds. Will you forgive me?"

"That's all right," said the other, cheerfully. "Don't let it worry you. I poisoned you."



### At Home in Buckinghamshire

James Mason and his wife Pamela Kellino are well known in the British film world. They appeared together in "I Met a Murderer." James Mason originally planned to become an architect but gave up the idea in order to go on the stage and, later, on the screen. He is an old Marlborough boy

on the sleeve, said in faultless English accents: "Tell your old dad to come and scratch wherever he likes."

FROM the *Shell Magazine, London*, comes the following story:—

The works manager at a large factory was a firm believer in the value of "pep" notices, as an incentive to production. One morning two fitters arrived at the factory to find themselves faced with the latest addition to this gallery of verbal energizers, the new notices reading:—

ONE MAN  
ONE JOB

This did not seem clear to one of the men, who scratched his head in bewilderment and said to his partner: "Wot the blazes does 'e mean: 'One man, one job'?"

"Why," said his friend, "it's simple. Don't you see, one ruddy man, one ruddy job!"

"Well," replied the inquirer, "if that's wot 'e means, why the blazes don't 'e say so?"

A LAND ARMY girl and a handsome farm lad were walking along a road together. The farm lad was carrying a large pail on his back, holding a chicken in one hand and a cane in the other, and leading a goat. They came to a dark lane. Said the girl: "Oh, it's so dark, here, that I'm afraid to walk with you. You might try to kiss me."

Said the farm lad: "How could I, with all these things I'm carrying."

"Well," suggested the girl, "you might stick the cane in the ground, tie the goat to it, and put the chicken under the pail."

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The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Who Done It?

THE first reaction to all inventions is a violent argument as to who really originated the scheme. And as time goes on one finds a tendency to discover earlier and earlier origins. As I write these words I do not think jet propulsion has been traced back to earlier than 1908, but I am preparing to hear all about Leonardo da Vinci's work on it and then about how the principles were all enunciated in ancient Greece, and then how the Egyptians had invented jet propulsion a few thousand years before Group Captain Frank Whittle was born.

But as ever in these matters it is not so much the throwing out of an idea that counts as the bringing of that idea to (with apologies to Mr. Ivor Brown and his word concentration camps) fruition. Group Captain Whittle was undoubtedly the person who gave us the enjoyment of jet propulsion. I do not think he received a great deal of encouragement until comparatively recently, but he always kept his faith in the method, coming back to it again and again and clearing up his ideas more and more completely. Some people have quoted the ejector exhaust stacks of Spitfires and other machines as being jet propulsion on a small scale and so presumably it is. But a closer parallel is surely the ducted radiator. The principles of this were laid down in a paper before the Royal Aeronautical Society a long time before the war and I remember the paper correctly the manner in which the heat and pressures are juggled with in a ducted radiator is exactly the same as in jet propulsion.



## Post-war Aviation Planners

Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir John Salmond was at the meeting held in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House to discuss post-war plans for stimulating public interest in post-war aviation. He is seen with Major Mayo

## News Jettlers

ONE other thing that has interested still is the background story of the release of the jet news. Very few people had any idea that the Air Ministry was going suddenly to come out with the story. It had been one of those secrets which everybody in aviation knew about, but which had been pretty well kept. I remember writing an article in an evening newspaper in which I made the remark that unless British engineers were working hard on jet propulsion they ought all to be locked up. I felt that this would be understood by those who knew of jet propulsion and would give nothing away to those who did not, but I was mistaken. An infuriated anti-aircraft gunner wrote me a number of purple if not phos-

phescent passages telling me that being an air correspondent I ought to know about what was being done with rockets and jets and that it was disgusting that people should write for the newspapers who were so completely ignorant of these matters. In common with most letters of this kind there was no address or would have been able to reassure him that the ignorance was not all on one side.

However, the secret was, I suppose, well kept so far as the general public was concerned and presumably that means so far as the enemy was concerned. But it was a secret that was rapidly getting too big for its boots. Even so, I doubt the Air Ministry would have moved until something had appeared, for example in the enemy newspapers or in neutral newspapers. Therefore, I still am ignorant of the real causes of the sudden blazoning of the news. I notice that we have sent a jet machine to America and that the story was released simultaneously in Washington and London. I wonder if we have here a clue to the jet propulsion which pushed the Air Ministry into giving the facts. As for the Air Ministry statement, it was thoroughly well done except that Sayer's name was incorrectly spelt, a fault which was, of course, repeated far and wide in many newspapers. But otherwise the Air Ministry did a thoroughly good job in the way they put out the story. Now I am waiting for the photographs. Surely we shall not be made to wait very long.

## United States Objectivity

I BELIEVE that I am now entitled to refer rather more fully to that remarkable book *Target—Germany*. It has been mentioned here and there, but the publication by the Stationery Office in Great Britain was to be delayed until February and I felt it advisable not to go into any details of the work until we were at a rate near the time when it could be purchased in Britain. This book is an account of the United States Eighth Army Air Force Bomber Command's work. It is a justification of daylight heavy bombing and it is a great deal more than that. We always think of the Americans as the champion boosters of the world. In my view this book should go some way to making us revise our opinion. I have never seen war operations dealt with in a more soberly objective manner than here. I have never seen the merits of the enemy more frankly acknowledged, nor the difficulties of our own people. There is the handsomest tribute, too, to the Royal Air Force.

I found *Target—Germany* an enthralling reading. The description of one of the missions is built up in the true American manner with all the vivid touches put in, but it is not anywhere overdone. The air crews of the Fortresses have undoubtedly had a battle on their hands since they came to Britain. To read here of the way they have to fight through German opposition to get to their targets is to make one angry with those idiotic optimists who keep on saying that the *Luftwaffe* has collapsed or that it is using untrained boys as pilots. The fact is that the German air force has fought and is fighting fiercely.

I want to congratulate the Eighth Army Air Force upon this book, recommend it to the widest possible public in Great Britain directly it is published over here and to offer a word of admiration to the anonymous author.

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(Copied from an original by Connolly)

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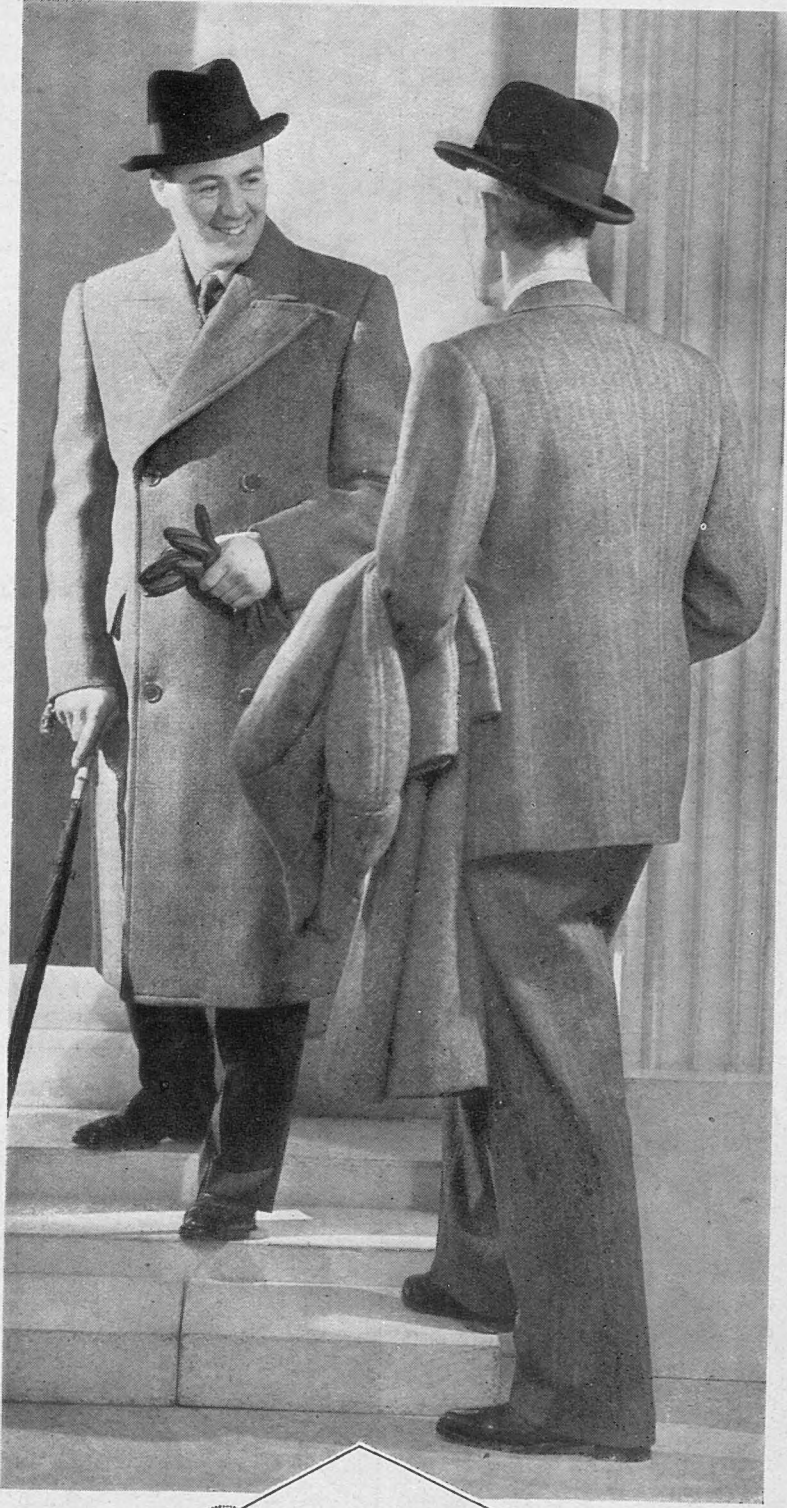
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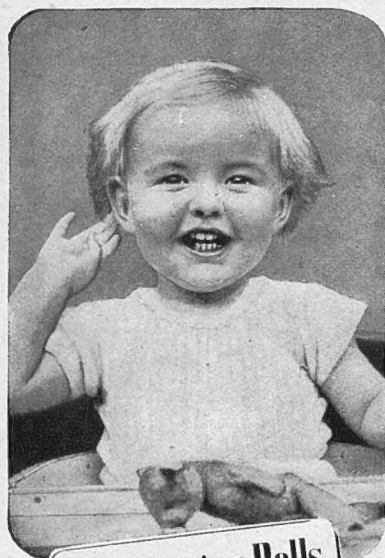


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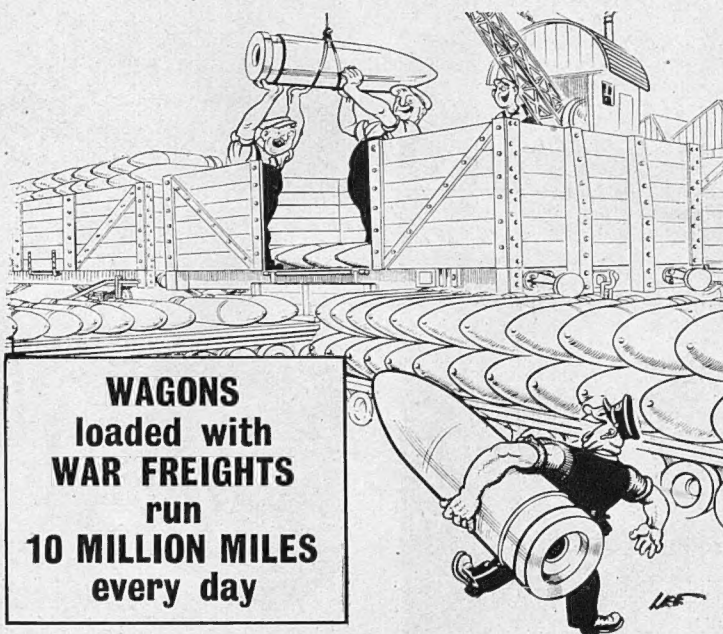
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